
Title: The Travels of Fedoso

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The Travels of Fedoso

Part 3

Volume 26

On asphodels he trembling
lay;
We cradled him, and one,
one, one,
We dipped his bones into
our font:
One, one, one, 'til life
returned.
Awaking soon, he shied
from us.
Awed, he gasped; he
mewled and shook,
Curled sinews in a fist
and hid
Amidst those
finger-planks, his limbs.
We peeled his fruit, his
tangy flesh--
Skin yellowed, mottled,
moled and mat;
Juice dribbled from his
lips; he spat
As we licked dry his
stringy pulp.
"What neks are you?" he
muttered low
While fumbling for his
absent sword.
"Not idle sprites," we
unisoned,
"But glorifiers of your
quest.
"Twin givers we, plus one
who takes,
The lost, the ever-there,
the root,
The watchers, weighers,
listeners, laborers,
Storm-hale mares, sea
foals of grace."
"Your words are twisted,
free of thought!

Foul witches, three within
a cave,
Your supple beauties lie
like nets
That camouflage the
gaping pit."
"Our words are
forthright, noble sir;
Outside our lair, we have
observed
Contempt that thrives in
mortal men
Distorts the truest
principle."
"Where rests my sword?"
"Below, behind...
You have no need of
steel henceforth."
"I must depart: I've
heights to scale,
Where sweet-lipped
destiny beckons still."
"True, she beckons still,
our child,
Upon her gleaming apex.
Go--
Hie thee toward the fiery
hedge
That purifies the unpure
soul."
He stumbled down the
muddy sleeve
That links our chamber to
his world,
Broke through to
daylight... we reclined,
And meditated on his
fate.